



# GREENBLET DISPOSAL SETTLED

## Three More Would-Be Greenblet Managers Throw Hats Into Ring, Give Qualifications



Willie Teller (center, above), local man-about-town, threw his hat into the housing ring this week by announcing his candidacy as manager of whichever group succeeds in buying Greenblet.

"I just can't stand to see anyone else get the job," Teller said. "I may not be the ideal choice," he

added, "but the idea of one of the other candidates being chosen makes me—well, nauseous."

Other contenders who made their interests known this week were the two gentlemen pictured to the right and left of Mr. Teller, above. Said one candidate, "With all the choices there is, surely one a dem'll choose me. Why, with my qualifications—let's see, I got 'em somewhere here."

Oh, yeah. I was a delivery man on one a tha milk trucks dat went all over da town a couple years back. Why I know dis town like da palm a me fist. Not only date, but I don't like nobody here neither, and dat should make me perfect for da job."

The other would-be manager refused to comment.

## Flying Saucers Seen In Greenblet Area

The police station was besieged and swamped with phone calls last night from panic-stricken Greenblet citizens as a result of the story that had spread over town like a swamp fire. Flying saucers had been spotted over the town. The residents were afraid that reports in the Washington papers were true and that the phenomenal objects were actually space ships from Mars. It was frightening to think that the occupants of these space craft might find the Schram airport an appalling place to land and might forage in Greenblet for food.

Police called in the forces of all the neighboring towns and an investigation was started immediately. A number of resident gladly volunteered detailed reports to the observation. Fany description were completely in agreement since the abjects were repeatedly described as bright, silvery, and absolutely round. Many said they heard a whirring or whizzing sound of high pitch as the saucers zoomed 'over-head. There was not so much agreement about the number seen. It ranged from only one to about twenty flying en echelon.

One woman snatched her child up just in time as saucer zoomed toward the Earth in dive-bomber fashions. The saucers were flying at a very high altitude but also were actually circling as if to land. By checking the times at which the saucers were seen, the police were finally able to determine who first spread the alarm.

Mrs. Willie Teller said she had told all her neighbors, of course. She always keeps her neighbors informed about anything they should know about, she added. She told them her son, Orter, had seen the flying saucers. On further questioning she admitted that he had seen cups too, and all sorts of pots and cooking utensils flying through the air in the house next door. The Evar Spattins were having an argument.

## Pub. Bath House

City Councilman Gerry Mander introduced an ordinance last Monday night to provide public bath houses in Greenblet. A three-two split was immediately obvious in the local flaw-faking body, with the mayor siding with Mander.

"There'll be plenty of room in the budget for this vital necessity next year," Mander said. "After all, the people of Greenblet will be paying for city facilities then, and they aren't as stingy as Public Rousing Administration."

In a personal interview, a *Croperator* reporter asked the sponsor of the feasure why he felt that public gath houses were necessary. "I'm getting tired of taking the public to the cleaners," he replied.

## GCS Acts On Huge Consumer Demand

Greenblet Consumer Services will build a special store to handle larger sizes in men's clothes, it was announced by General Manager Am Sashelman this week.

"There is a huge consumer demand for this type of commodity," Am said, presenting in evidence a demand from a huge consumer,

The disposal of Greenblet garbage and trash was under consideration by the city manager, Charles T. McDonald, recently. He announced that one facet of the problem had been solved, and that burlap bags could be obtained to collect leaves and hedge clippings.

Tenants were warned to use tact and discretion in discussing problems that might develop between neighbors. One case was cited in which a Greenbleter arrived at home to find a neighbor's old burlap bag on his side of the hedge. Pounding on the neighbor's door, he demanded in no uncertain terms that the neighbor keep his old bag in his own yard. Sensing an insult to his wife, the neighbor entered a civil suit which has not as yet been resolved.

## Latest Housing Group Pits Earls Vs. Churls

Officers of the two present housing organizations were notified to day of the entrance into the field of a competitive organization, know as Greenblet Castles, Inc. (herein later referred to as GCI).

Prospective tenants will be required by GCI to present proof of their genealogy. Only those will be accepted whose ancestry can be traced to barons, earls, dukes or the equivalent. Those applicants who can prove their lineage from princes and kings automatically become members of the administrative board and will occupy corner houses in choice locations. Applicants whose coat-of-arms bear the bar sinister will be relegated to the defense homes, and those whose origins begin with churls, serfs, he-lots or vassals will be placed on the waiting list for remaining defense homes. Only pedigreed pets will be permitted. Qualified residents will be permitted to refer to themselves as knights and ladies.

## Quick On The Draw

GCI will soon give out contracts to a well-known construction company for the building of a moat separating Old Greenblet from defense homes. Draw bridges will be constructed at appropriate points. GCI will commission an artist to prepare suitable coats-of-arms which are required to be displayed prominently on the exteriors of homes. GCI's maintenance crew will keep careful check on the condition of the gold leaf on said coats-of-arms and will charge for any necessary upkeep.

The executive committee requests that anyone owning a Round Table contribute it to Greenblet Castles, Inc.

## OH, IRREGARDLESSLY

Rumor to the contrary, it has come to our attention that the Washington-Baltimore Boulevard is to be rerouted through our new shopping center. The express highway will cut through the very heart of our city between Shorts's Cleaners (no pun intended) and Pigeon's Liquor store. No confirmation could be obtained, but our source is not as reliable as usual, since foreign coroporations cannot be depended on. Verification will be made in the pages of *The Croperator* when the unveracity of the rumor has been ascertained.

## Squad Plans Canvas To Cover Center

The city will be canvassed by the members of the Greenblet Involuntary Risque Squad this coming week. Arrangements have been made with Mad-man Omar, the Terrible Tent-maker, for a super-awning that will cover the center of town from the bank at one end to the police station on the other end.

Purpose of the canvas cover is to protect pedestrians in the center from objectionable matter especially noticeable in recent weeks, which has been traced to air-borne sources. Lookouts have been posted throughout the town to alert the citizens.

One clue was received by the police department from an unidentified source. Two bricks were thrown through the window of the police station, with a note attached. The first read, "Your window is broken." The other note said, "It may be a coincidence, but the stuff has been flying ever since a new housing organization started in town."

Although the police are still investigating, the proposal to canvas the city is the first instance of direct action taken by any group to stop this semi-smear campaign.

Suspicion of air-borne sources of the foreign material invading the tranquil city of Greenblet was further enhanced by the report of a youngster from the north end of town, who claimed he positively sighted a long red dove hovering over the city the past week.

## Bus Out, Packards In Promises CAPTCo.

The Greenblet Citizens' Association held a meeting in the rumpus room at the Center School last night to discuss the fate of the Capital Transit bus. Guest speaker was Mota Allov, spokesman for Capital Transit. Despite repeated boos and protests from the 8,000 Greenblet ers present, Mr. Allov was adamant in his refusal to sustain the present method of transportation.

"As you know," Mr. Allov stated, "Capital Transit has been operating in the red for many, many years. We find we cannot afford to do this any longer, and have received permission from PUC to curtail this line. Our alternative—(and, please believe me I know this will mean greater hardships for all present) is to supply each family with a 1950 Packard."

GCA President Bo Bruceman stated later, "Your Citizens' Association will not take this as a final answer, and are sure we have the backing of every family in Greenblet when we say, 'Capital Transit must go on.'"

## CRABBERS EXILED

By The Bull

Greenblet's organized crabbers are to go to Siberia. Many obstacles had to be overcome to make this trip necessary. Siberian officials were skeptical and fearful of the results of such a visit. After much diplomatic manuring, permission was finally grantet for the trip, with the understanding that the Greenbletians would remain segated. A fleet of jets have been hired to shoot the boys over to Siberia. They will also be shot back, if they have not already been half shot, ending the quickest trip ever attempted by the local wild men. Those wishing to make the trip are asked to call any number and they will be told where to go.

## American Legion Home Stolen During Night

The American Legion home disappeared last Saturday night. The Prince Georges County police have concluded that thieves must have employed an experienced, fully-equipped house-moving concern to carry it away. The time of removal has been established as early Sunday morning between the hours of 2 and 5. The Capital Transit bus driver on the last Branchville run Saturday night says he is positive the home was there when he passed, and the first Sunday morning bus driver is equally convinced that it was not there when he made his trip. The police are investigating further.

The Post commander, when questioned, remarked on the irony of it all. He thinks the thieves "just got good and mad" because the police recovered separate items stolen earlier from the Legion home.

## New Virginian Club To Be Formed

"A secret club for everyone" is the slogan of the newly-formed non-Virginia club. Greenblet, keeping up with the times, has a new organization which will accept for membership all sexagenarians who are not from Virginia. An exclusive organization, it does no advertising or soliciting. Members must be invited before they can participate in the club's secret initiations. Only one person is initiated at a time, all members must be present at the initiation or it is not valid and must be performed again. Two initiations are not permitted in one day for any one applicant, as it is deemed a hardship. Invitations are not extended to those who do not measure up to the physical requirements set up for all members, as initiations have often been found to be strenuous.



# GREENBLET CROPERATOR

AD DEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

## OUR PURPOSE:

1. To report Greenblet news that pleases us, insults our enemies, soothes our advertisers.
2. To serve the selfish interests of anyone who'll make it worth our while.

Mally Seredith, Editor  
Rune Jingel, News Editor

## FFATS

Aae Rlgaze, B. Eon Dullion, Fam Sox, Gazel Hump, Lllen Einsen, Meggy Parkfield, Moris Dasbell Aednick, McGorothy Dee, Pydalu Lalmer, Psadore Jariter, Rieanor Eitche, Rollie M. Seuben, Simee Atye, Wharlotte Calsh, Wharlotte Carshaw, Weggy Pinegarden.

## FFATS SSENISUB

Kenny Jlein, Business Manager  
Pendis Lednips, Ad. Rep. Ainos Nerag, Sub. Man.  
O'Noe Jeill, Circulation Manager

Vol. 1/2 pint

April Fool!

No No.

## Investigation Wanted!

Our faces are red—pardon, off-white—when we think how far behind the times Greenblet is. Our city council does not have a committee to investigate subversive activities in Greenblet!

We demand the immediate establishment of a Committee to Investigate UnGreenbletian Activities! There are certainly plenty of places that need investigation. The activities of the Woman's Club should certainly be looked into, for example. We know for a fact that many of that organization's members have given blood to the Red Cross.

And look at Greenblet Consumer Services, the local consumer cooperative. Did you ever notice what color the best-grade label is on co-op products? Red! And don't think that isn't significant. And speaking of the stores, have you noticed how many Greenblet consumers buy Russian dressing?

Some of our local subversives have more nerve than others—they actually advertise their fellow traveler inclinations in our Rides 'n Riders column.

We even suspect a certain member of the council itself of leftish leanings. A direct quotation from a speech of April, 1949, by one council member is as follows: "I refuse to make capital of this." If that's not a direct instance of anti-capitalist sentiment, we never heard one.

Who're we going to get to investigate the council?

## "Mr. Greenblet" Chosen



Cheering madly a group of 10,000 Greenblet bathing beauties this week saw a local city councilman, who shall otherwise remain unidentified, receive the title "Mr. Greenblet of 1951."

Shown in the picture above clasing the loving sup which was lovingly presented by a delegate (left) of the Long-Look League, Mr. Greenblet of 1951 told *The Croperator*, "I did not seek, nor did I expect this honor. Having achieved it, I will serve to the best of my abilities."

The Greenblet Chamber of Commerce stated last night that Mr. Greenblet of 1951 will be displayed to tourists as one of Greenblet's beauty spots.

## Let's Talk Co-op

by Hisyna Frnasaz

We need a definition of terms (in Co-op talk that means "let's see if we can't find an even more confused way of saying this"). In a Co-op town town like Greenblet, the newcomer has difficulty understanding his neighbors. For the newcomer's benefit, the *Croperator* has compiled a Co-op Talk Glossary.

**Socially Conscious**—Taking care of everyone's business but one's own.

**Proportional Representation** — Trying to find at least nine people to run for a nine-man board of directors.

**Welfare of the Consumer**—A sales method whereby the consumer is convinced that the operation is—well, fair.

**Area of Agreement**—This is when two people who want to slit each other's throat realize that some non-cooperator is going to do the job for them, and they must find a way to hold each other at bay, so they look for an area of agreement.

**Enemy of Cooperatives**—Anyone who disagrees with you on the best way to further the best interest of a cooperative.

**Troublemaker**—Same as Enemy of Cooperatives.

**Disgruntled Employee**—Anybody who used to work here. (All our present employees are definitely grunted!)

## FOX TALES

Don't let your young son tie that fox tail to his bicycle! Here is a delectable recipe for fox tail soup. First, as is always done with recipes calling for rabbits, you must catch the animal—unless, of course, you are lucky enough to be given a fox that turned up at the Treasury building.

When the fox is quite dead, remove the tail, and, unless you like fuzzy soup, it is wise to shave the fur. (You husband's electric shaver will do for this purpose.)

Cut fox tail into small pieces, wash, drain, dredge with flour, and fry in fat until browned. Add to 6 cups soup stock; simmer 1 hour. Add carrots, turnips, onions, celery, and whatever seasonings you have on the shelf. Simmer until vegetables are tender. Truly delicious.

## Vocal Vyrus Vexed Vows Vigilance

Fame came to local Dr. Cyrus Vyrus when the eyes of the medical world turned to a paper published by the young doctor in one of the leading scientific journals, announcing the discovery of a prohistamine.

"Shucks," Vyrus said when interviewed by members of the Croperator staff, "it just didn't seem fair for those bigoted members of the vested interests to foist their prejudices on the great histaminic American public!" Pounding his fists against the wall, Vyrus continued, "Antihistamine! It's undemocratic!"

Vyrus explained that ever since the advent of the antihistamine drugs he had spent 24 hours a day in his laboratory developing a drug to combat what he termed the "subversive" antihistamine.

"My grandpappy and your grandpappy," he said, "had histamines. These would-be destroyers of the American Tradition must not succeed! It's unconstitutional! I might say that taken backwards or forwards they're against all American constitutions."

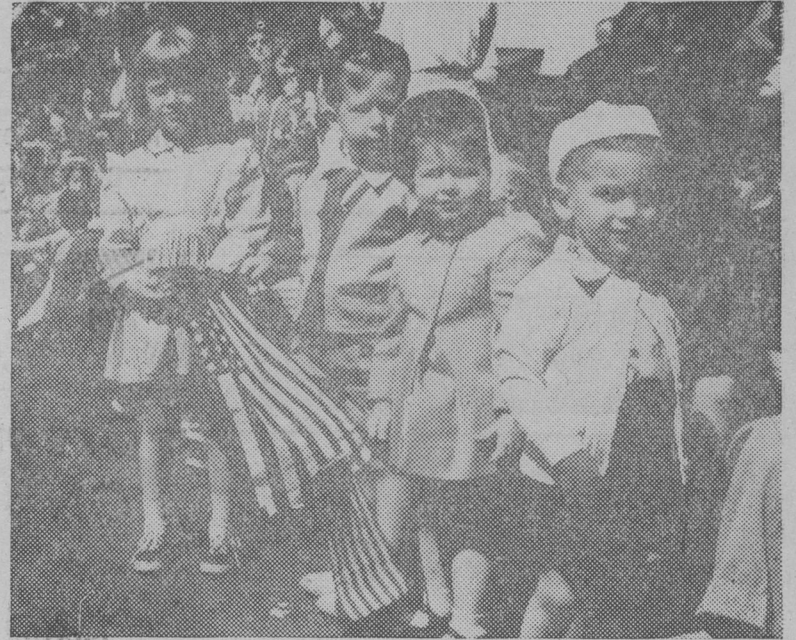
## Contributors Corner

Our faith in the cleverness and originality of our contributors has increased manifold with the receipt of this poetic gem submitted by Mrs. Willie Teller. It was composed by her young son, Orter, aged 45.

Roses are red,  
Violets are blue,  
Sugar is sweet,  
And so are you!

Mrs. Teller will receive the usual assortment of prizes: One dozen television sets from bankrupt bars, and two theater tickets.

## Picketing Pupils Protest



Over four thousand Greenblet youngsters formed a flying squadron in protest over the announced one-week Easter vacation. Coung Letts Teller, first-grade student, representing the group, said, "How can we get all of our homework done in one week? We demand an Easter recess until June 1!"

## Impersonal Feel

By I. M. Touched

Who's the cutiest thing in town? She's 6 ft. high and 10 around. New maintenance truck. Ha! Ha! Hey, do we have one?

The Barber ShSoppe was mobbed last night—lines queuing up for hours. Lady Godiva was getting her hair bobbed . . .

PHA has issued a statement that, instead of calling Maintenance when you've a job to be done—from now on, Maintenance will call you! "Maintenance—'M' as in Mary, 6161 calling—and what would you like done today, Modom?"

## GREENBLET THEATRE PROGRAM

SATURDAY APRIL 1

This is it!

"RAVIOLI"

Starring Ingrid Smorgasboard

« ! ! ! »

Under the inspired  
Direction

of  
Roberto Scallopini

Continuous from 1:00 P.M.



## LOAN US YOUR AUTO

WE PROMISE TO RETURN IT

(someday)

## Who Needs Insurance?

Are you a preferred risk—the riskier the more preferred—Special discounts on fire insurance to pyromaniacs. Have car accidents without worry—new car exchanged for that old wreck—n oquestion asked.

Is your boy a fighter? If he loses a fight, you still win—our special policy—Round 10—insures against pugilistic losses—

If you're tired of phoning wrong numbers or getting busy signals, don't get mad - get Madden insurance. We don't pay off so easily

on death benefits - We make sure you live forever.

## Madden Insurance



## CLASSIFIEDS

M O'V I N G ? DON'T GO—we can all be "good neighbors."

WATCHES AND CLOCKS. WE adore watching clocks. Clocks watched by the day, hour, or minute. Reasonable rates. Trained night-watchmen. Just dial C-L-O-C-K.

PHOTOGRAPHS. SPECIALIZE in photos of little monsters, can make them look as monstrous and bratty as they really are. Phone HYPO 123.

EVANGELINE, PLEASE COME home.

LOCAL WASHING MACHINES These machines wash anything local. Especially good for soiled children. Just stuff them in, clothes and all.

EVANGELINE, ALL IS FOR-given.

VACUUM CLEANERS. HOW clean is your vacuum?

EVANGELINE, I NEED YOU—the children need you.

CAR AND HOME RADIOS RE-paired. Experienced electronic engineer has not forgotten how to repair radios. Your antiques can be restored. Phone 12345.

EV—YOU'D BETTER COME home, if you know what's good for you.

TELEVISION SERVICE. DE-livered right to your home—all your children who have been watching television sets in the neighborhood. Children gathered up between 7 and 9 p.m.

SITTING SERVICE. WOULD you rather stand up? We'll do your sitting for you. No chair or floor is to uncomfortable. Just dial C-L-O-C-K.

FOR SALE. RAG MOP. DIRT cheap—in fact, dirt is included free. Phone BEBOP a-one, a-two, a-three. Take it, Jackson.

FOUND—STILL WONDERING who the owner of this green belt will be.

LOST—ONE SHAGGY DOG. Answers to the name of EVANGELINE.

## Gun Club Challenges A.C. to Pistol Fight

The Gun Club challenges the Greenblet Athletic Club to a free-for-all fight with water pistols. The time has been set for this Saturday afternoon. All participants are requested to assemble at the swimming pool by 2 p.m.

Said the president of the Bun Club, "Now is your chance to really rid yourself of inhibitions." Weather permitting, bathing trunks will be worn; otherwise, the official apparel will be yellow slickers and sou'westers. It is strongly urged that participants use only soft water, softened with any favorite detergent. No alkaline water softeners will be allowed.

## RIDES 'N' RIDERS

RIDE WANTED to vicinity of Wilmington or Philadelphia. Hours 9 to 5:30 p.m. Call 0001.

RIDE WANTED every hour on the hour. I just love to ride around, don't you?

RIDER WANTED. I have room for one passenger on my tandem bike. Hours 3:30 to 6 a.m. Call 0002

DRIVER WANTED. My tool chest is complete except for a screw driver. Call 0003.

CAR POOL. Enjoy a refresin swim while you ride to work. Room for four. Call 0004.

## To The Editor

### LATEST DOPE

We have a problem in our court on Crescent and want everybody to know about it. Well, anyway, this neighbor—you know neighbors. Well, we think everybody would like to know, because everybody has neighbors. As I was saying to my sister, the woman next door told me that it was told to her confidentially that they're all saying just what I've always said, or don't you think I'm right? Well, I think I am and so does my sister. Honestly, do you think it's fair? I'm not looking for sympathy, but thanks anyhow. I just want everybody to know what to guard against and to learn from what happened to come.

A Neighbor.

HAPPY

APRIL FOOL'S

DAY

from

Etacoin Shrdlu



Wanta have a hare-raising time?

Enjoy yourself, enjoy yourself!

We close at 1 a.m.

CALL TOWER 5990 for free delivery

Veterans Liquors

## Financial Problems?

We'll Keep Your Moey For You!

Not for a day ...

Not for a year ...

...Not for life ...

BUT FOREVER

Just Try and Get it Back!



PRINCE GEORGES BANK AND TRUST COMPANY



Spring CLEAN-UP

specials

SPRINGS DIRTY?

We have a Special Service to clean 'em

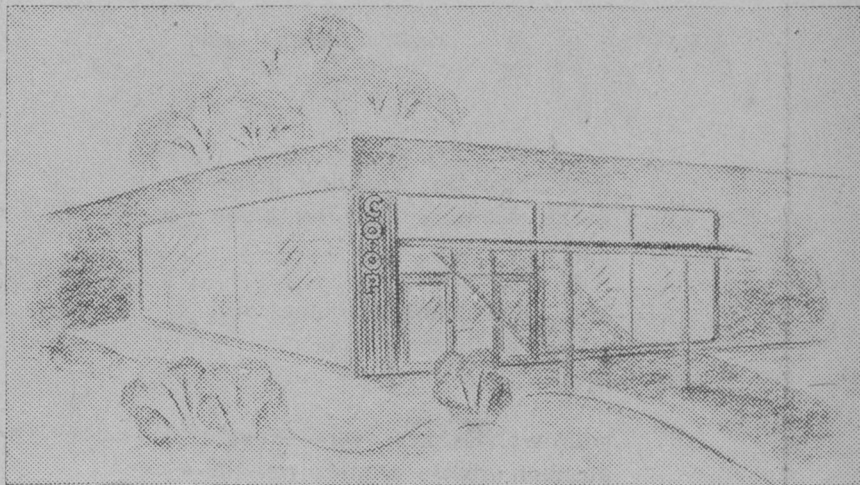
Only Pure Spring Water Used

April Fool

GREENBLET CROPERATOR

Eerht

## 24 New Supermarkets Planned



Greenblet Consuming Service's general manager, Am Sashel-man, told the board of directors this week that expansion plans are in the "blueprint" stage for the erection of 24 new supermarkets in the city, all duplicates of the one now located in the center. (See cut, above.)

"North End?" he said. "We'll have 'em in the North End, South End, Southwest End, Northwest End, Southeast End, North-east End, South-by-Southwest End, North-by- —well,they'll be on every corner!"

## GET YOUR TELEVESTMENTS

AT

BLOTZ'S

Ritzy televiewers all have

BLOTZ'S

before their eyeses!

How can you watch the Lone Ranger without arranging for a loan?

And how can you watch Hopalong Cassidy, without the Hopalong costume pictured below?

(Horse, \$15 extra—in case you wanta horse around a little.)





*Pfft - - - t*

New miracles washday discovery  
make Monday morning blues go  
Pfft . . .

Just fill washing machine with  
water, add clothes and  
Pfft! . . .

your worries are over—those  
stubbon stains cannot remain—  
No tattle-tale grey—no  
more bending and stretching to  
hang clothes on line, for  
Pfft

gently dissolves your clothes  
and washes them away,  
and you are left with clean,  
sparkling, sweet-smelling,  
water that can be used  
over and over again.

(New Yorkers, please note.)

Following are unsolicited testimonials from satisfied Pfft users:

"Since using Pfft my  
basket for ironing is  
always empty."

"My husband says  
my clothes always  
look new now—they  
are new."

"I have never had  
such sweet-smelling  
water." -Mrs. Sniff.

LOTS OF PLOTS

IN IDEAL SPOTS

FOR BIG OR SMALL

OR MEDIUM SHOTS

FOR FOLKS WITH ROWBOATS

FOLKS WITH YOTS.

FOR MISANTHROPES

OR GENIAL SOTS.

NO FLYING SAUCERS,

PLATES OR POTS.

OUR SLOGAN: "HERE

'TILL GREENBLET ROTS!"

**THE GREEN PASTURES BURIAL  
COOPERATIVE**

# IT PAYS

us

## TO ADVERTISE IN THE CROPERATOR

*Read What Our Advertisers  
Have To Say:*

I always shop from Croperator  
ads - my first experience was with  
the Shoe Store. Before reading  
that ad, I had to travel all over  
Washington with my little boy . . .  
Pou see, he has two left feet, and  
I don't know why, but stores in  
town just couldn't fit him. Now we  
buy our shoes here without any  
trouble.

I advertised a car for sale in **The  
Croperator** and had tremendous  
good luck! Calls started pouring  
in, and the other people on my party  
line got so mad they all yanked  
their phones out, and now I have  
the whole line to myself. Not only  
that—I'm now in the automobile  
business—at 83-Q Cresway. Come  
in and see my line. Anyone have  
a spare garage or two? I'll gladly  
answer your ad in **The Greenblet  
Croperator**.

My hogs been acatin' good lately  
on accounta my wife read me (she  
reads) a advertizment outer the  
newspaper called Cooperation.  
Course, if **Plopp's Shop** had not a-  
been advertizin in this here little  
newspaper, my wife (she reads)  
never woulda tole me bout that  
there **Plopp's Slop**.

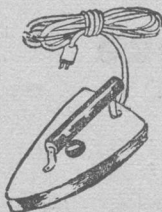
My Hogs were purty puny fore  
my wife seen that ad, fact they was  
still puny til I fed 'em the **Plopp's  
Slop**. Anyone wishin to buy nice  
fat hogs, write to my wife (she  
reads).

Bulletin board Ads have added so  
much to our enjoyment of Green-  
blet. We read them every week to  
find out what is going on, you can  
always tell who is going to have a  
baby because they first want mater-  
nity dresses and then stuff like  
scales and bottle warmers and sec-  
ond hand playpens—then there  
are the people who want to trade a  
double bed for two singles.

Ads in the paper don't give near  
as much information and they cost  
money besides. What do they do  
with all that dough?

I'm simply wild about the results  
I get from running ads in **The Crop-  
erator**—simply frenzied and fraz-  
zled. I advertised a table for sale.  
What happened? Mobs of people  
descended upon our house, carted  
off all our furniture—leaving us  
cash of course. But then I had to  
buy new furniture. I got some  
lovely things except for one piece.  
I advertised a table for sale. It  
happened again—had to buy more  
furniture. This has happened three  
times more. Boy, what results!

SMITH'S IRON WORKS



Yess, it was broken, was Smith's iron, but he had it fixed, and now—Smith's Iron Works!